

THE

Johnson Journal



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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

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THE JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL



The Principal's Haledictory
to the Class of 1931

People cannot live together as you and I have for four years without becoming very much interested in each other's welfare. As you leave Johnson High and the daily contact with her and her principal I wish you would take with you the same motto that was my class's when I was graduated—"Perge modo; et qua te ducit via, dirige gressum."

It is a good one by which to live. You friends who know Latin will love it in the Latin; you others will know it as "Go on. Wherever your way leads you, go forward." And if all of you add to mine your own motto—"Earnestness is the soul of success"—I am confident that wherever your lives may be lived you will fill your places nobly. In home, in business, in society, in personal life, you will be an honor to yourselves. Johnson and her principal will follow you with pride and joy.

ANNIE L. SARGENT



Class of 1931

MARY AGNES DOROTHY BARBETTE
17 *Harkaway Road*
"CAP"

Class Plays 3, 4
Journal Staff 3, 4
Basketball 2, 3, 4
Secretary of Athletic Association 4

FRED GEORGE BASTIAN
22 *Harold Street*
"FRITZ"

Class Plays 1, 3, 4
Class Secretary 4
Harvard Book
Class Orator 4
"Bab"

MILFORD BLAND BOTTOMLEY
102 *Marblehead Street*
"MILFY"

Football 2, 3, 4
Class Plays 1, 4
"Bab"
"Seventeen"
Baseball 3
Class Will

KATHERINE HELEN CLEMENTS
41 *Davis Street*
"KITTY"

EDWARD EVERETT CURLEY, JR.
25 *Dudley Street*
"ED"

Baseball 2, 3, 4
Class Treasurer 1

ALBERT IRVING CURRIER
994 *Dale Street*
"AL"

Seventeen 4

JOSEPH THOMAS DRIVER
504 *Main Street*
"JOEY"

Basketball 2, 3, 4
Orchestra 1, 2, 3
Football 4

JOSEPH FRANK DZIADOSZ
17 *Riverview Street*
"JOE"

Basketball 2, 3, 4
Football 2, 3
Baseball 3, 4

EVERETT EARL FLETCHER
87 *Union Street*
"EV"

CHARLES DOUGLAS GLENNIE
117 *Massachusetts Avenue*
"DOUG"

Class Play 3

JAMES WATSON GLENNIE
18 *Perry Street*
"JIM"

ELINOR GARNER GREENWOOD
1066 *Osgood Street*
"ELINOR"

Class Play 1
Class Treasurer 3
Journal Staff 1, 2, 3

EILEEN MARY HANDY
56 *Church Street*
"RED"

ALICE JOHANNA HIBBITS
64 *Saunders Street*
"AL"

JOHN ANTHONY HILL
259 *Osgood Street*
"JOHNNIE"

RICHARD AMES HODGES
56 *Academy Road*
"DICK"

ARTHUR SANFORD HODGKINS
176 *Middlesex Street*
"ART"

Class Play 1, 3
School Play "Clarence"
Orchestra 1, 2, 3

RUSSELL GARDNER HUMPHREYS
498 *Turnpike Street*
"RUSS"

PRISCILLA EDYTHE JOSSELYN
286 *Main Street*
"PAT"

Basketball 3

ALBERT JOSEPH JUARCEYS
16 *Harkaway Road*
"AL"

Class Play 4
Class Treasurer 4
Journal Staff 4
Valedictorian

PHYLLIS RITA JOYCE
90 *Pleasant Street*
"PHYLLIS"

Essex County Typewriting Contest 2, 3, 4
State Typewriting Contest 4
Journal Staff 3, 4

ROMANA GERTRUDE KALINOWSKI
67 *Furber Avenue*
"ROMIE"

HELEN BLYTHE KEIGHLEY
37 *Merrimack Street*
"HELEN"

Class Secretary 3
Class Plays 1, 3

ROBERT IVAR KELLEY
16 *Saunders Street*
"BOB"

Baseball 2, 3, 4
Football 2, 3, 4
Class Plays 1, 2
Athletic Council 1, 2
Class President 3, 4
Class Secretary 1
Journal Staff 1, 3
Marshal 3

ENID MURIEL KRUSCHWITZ
1132 *Salem Street*
"NED"

ESTELLE MILDRED KRUSCHWITZ
1132 *Salem Street*
"BILLY"
Class Plays 1, 2, 3

JOSEPH MICHAEL LANE
12 *Fernwood Street*
"JOE"

WILBUR JOSEPH LYONS
107 *Massachusetts Avenue*
"JOJO"
Baseball 2, 3, 4
Football 3, 4
President of Athletic Association

JOHN CHARLES MASELUNAS
9 *Harkaway Road*
"MASHIE"
Baseball 2, 4

JAMES MATTHEW McCLUNG
135 *High Street*
"JIM"

WILLIAM JOSEPH McDUFFIE
12 *Fernwood Street*
"BILL"
Baseball 4

ROBERT JOYCE McGUIRK
40 *Milton Street*
"BOB"
Class Play 1
"Seventeen" 4
Football 4
Baseball 4

RALPH AUGUSTINE MULLIGAN
12 *Lincoln Street*
"MUL"

SARAH ELIZABETH MURPHY
26 *Second Street*
"SIS"
"Seventeen" 4
Basketball 3
Journal Staff 3, 4

DOROTHY PALEY
153 *Main Street*
"ANN"

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4
Essex County Typewriting Contest 3, 4
State Typewriting Contest 4

RUTH ELAINE PERLEY
10 *East Water Street*
"RUTHY"

Class Play 1
Shorthand Contest 4

CATHERINE ELEANOR PHELAN
6 *East Water Street*
"KAY"

Class Play 4
Journal Staff 4
Salutatorian 4

HELEN BARBARA PHELAN
12 *First Street*
"BUNNY"

CHARLOTTE SUSAN REA
34 *Rea Street*
"CHAR"

Class Play 1

ROBERT SUTCLIFFE ROCKWELL
74 *Prescott Street*
"BOB"

Class Play 1
"Come Out of the Kitchen" 2
"Bab" 3
"Seventeen" 4
Journal Staff 1, 2, 3, 4
Orchestra 1, 2

JAMES McNAB RYLEY
40 *Second Street*
"JIM"

Athletic Council 1, 4
Football 2, 3
Baseball 2, 3, 4
Johnson Journal 4

HELEN CATHERINE SCANLON
310 *Sutton Street*
"HELEN"

Basketball 4

HELEN MAY SIMPSON
12 *Harold Street*
"HELEN"

GILBERT WHEATLAND SMITH
782 *Osgood Street*
"GIL"

Journal Staff 2, 3, Editor 4
Class President 2
Class Prophecy 4

CLARENCE RICHARD SMITH
11 *Marblehead Street*
"DICK"

Class Play 3
Journal Staff 4

WILLIAM HOLDSWORTH STEAD
79 *Pleasant Street*
"BILL"

RALPH JENNINGS STORK
260 *Salem Street*
"DUCKY"

Football 1, 2, 3, 4
Baseball 2, 3, 4
Class President 1
Journal Staff 3
Marshal 3

TAFILLE ELIZABETH SUBATCH
1 *Bunker Hill Street*
"TIL"

FRANCIS JOSEPH TROMBLY
36 *Union Street*
"HANK"

EILEEN FRANCES WELCH
24 *Prescott Street*
"BUNNY"

Basketball 1, 2

Class Ballot

Best looking boy	Ralph Stork
Prettiest girl	Helen Keighley
Most popular boy	Robert Kelley
Most popular girl	Mary Barbette
Best all-round boy	Joseph Dziadosz
Best all-round girl	Mary Barbette
Shyest boy	Richard Hodges
Shyest girl	Charlotte Rea
Class babies	Jimmy McClung and Bobby Rockwell
Class flirt (girl)	Helen Phelan
Class heart-breaker (boy)	Richard Smith
Class humorist	Gilbert Smith
Teachers' delight	Fred Bastian and Richard Hodges
Class eaters	Joseph Dziadosz and Francis Trombly
Sleepiest person	Ralph Stork
Class grind	Fred Bastian
Class bluffer	Arthur Hodgkins
Quietest person	Estelle Kruschwitz
Most talkative person	Robert McGuirk
Most innocent person	Richard Hodges
Best natured boy	Milford Bottomley
Best natured girl	Sarah Murphy
Most promising boy	Albert Juarceys
Most promising girl	Catherine Phelan

Salutatory Address

It gives me great pleasure in behalf of the graduating class of 1931 to extend to you all our most hearty and sincere welcome. You, our parents, who have made it possible for us to be a part of this school, you, our teachers, who have labored so hard that we might receive the full benefit of a high school education, and you, our schoolmates and friends, who have helped us so much by your kindness and companionship, one and all we bid you welcome.

George Washington Bi-Centennial Anniversary

February 22, 1932, will be the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington, who is associated in all our minds with the resolutions of Congress declaring him to have been the "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The question arises, why should we honor this man? There are many reasons. He stands forth, not only in his official life but in his personal character as a citizen, the outstanding international as well as national figure of his time, and an example for posterity. As a soldier he achieved victory for the cause of independence, against great odds and in spite of innumerable and most discouraging difficulties and obstacles. Without his personal leadership and unflagging determination, independence could hardly have been won. One cannot help feeling sure that it was largely his personal influence and the high respect commanded by his views that made possible the happy solution in the founding of our Constitution.

He was chosen to be the first President of the United States. After two successful terms, he returned to private life, the most respected citizen of the world, thus setting the example to his successors of unselfish public service. He was an educator because in his life he set forth what an American gentleman should be. The real George Washington was the public man—the character most in our minds; the pioneer, the explorer, the soldier, the statesman, the patriot, the high model for mankind.

If today children can be taught to know and admire George Washington, to carry his example and companionship in their hearts, the country's future will be safe in the hands of the next generation.

It has been definitely decided that the character of this celebration should be educational and spiritual, that it should be participated in by all the people of the country in their own home surroundings by their own efforts.



FRED BASTIAN



ALBERT JUARCEYS



CATHERINE PHELAN

(Courtesy of Lawrence Tribune)

While the concrete program for this state remains to be settled, here are a few of the accepted ideas which are to be carried through.

First, the Massachusetts Washington celebration is to be diversified and extended state-wide, in all cities and towns.

Second, the established public holidays are to be taken advantage of, from February, 1931, to November, 1932.

Third, the conduct of literary and historical contests is being arranged involving the offering of incentives in form of prizes for essays, or for playlets and pageants of the colonial period.

Fourth, a particularly desirable event of general as well as spectacular interest, which at the same time possesses much educational value, is the reproduction of one and perhaps more of Washington's journeys to and through Massachusetts.

The forthcoming bi-centennial of his birth, therefore, gives us in America an opportunity to show whether we, ourselves, have sufficiently cherished the tradition of his achievements and have retained the respect for his high type of citizenship, without which we cannot expect our country to continue the kind of a democracy he intended it should be.

CATHERINE PHELAN, '31

Earnestness Is The Soul Of Good Work

We all know that in school and out, among younger and older people, we get two types of work. Some people undertake a task and they come through with flying colors. Other people who have work to perform fail; they do not accomplish what they set out to do. Why is this? The answer to this question is that our first friend enters into his task with all the energy he has. That is, he is serious about his job, concentrating his combined efforts on it, not being easily discouraged, and not giving up until he has accomplished his end. The other person is not serious about his task. He takes it more as a joke, not caring whether or not he succeeds. He does not bend his whole body and mind to it; he is easily discouraged and he easily gives up.

Let us go back in history and see how the lives of some of the great men prove the truth of this motto. One of these men who first comes to our mind is Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln concentrated all his efforts upon any task that he undertook. Nothing was too small or too large to receive his honest support. A proof of this is seen when he was running against Douglas for President of the United States. Douglas made quickly prepared and flowery speeches, and made statements that sounded plausible, but which, when looked into, were easily shattered. Lincoln,

on the other hand, was serious and earnest and thorough in his work. He realized the importance of these speeches and he studied deeply into each statement. So carefully weighed and so carefully prepared were they that they could not be shattered, because they were the results of earnest work. We all know that he was elected instead of Douglas.

Now let us consider Theodore Roosevelt. As a boy, Roosevelt was very weak and sickly. He knew that in order to become a success in life, he had to develop his body. Every day he took all kinds of gymnastic exercises. By the time he was ready to enter college, he had developed his body to such an extent that he was even a fair boxer and wrestler. Surely, he was able to accomplish this only through most earnest efforts.

A man prominent in the public eye today is Thomas Edison. Think of the things that he has invented which have made this a better world to live in. But how is it that he only out of the millions who are also working on electricity has accomplished these things? He was in earnest when he set out to do a thing. It took years for him to perfect some of his inventions; he had many discouragements and many times he must have been tired and tempted to give up, just as other people are, but he stuck to a thing until it was complete.

So all through life, let us remember, that earnestness is the soul of good work. This has been proven time and time again. This is the key to success. If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing right. As the old saying goes, you get out of a thing just what you put into it.

FRED GEORGE BASTIAN

The Deeper Significance Of The Boston Tea Party

A long time after an event takes place we can see the facts which actuated it more clearly. So it is with the Boston Tea Party. This act is commonly listed among the reprehensible riots of the time.

Dr. Andrew P. Peabody in his essay on "Boston Mobs Before the Revolution" said that this event was similar to a mob made up of respectable people trying to lynch Garrison.

Another prominent and eminent historical scholar of Boston, Mr. Abner C. Goodell, stated that the Boston Tea Party should be regarded with disapprobation.

Time, however, has proved these opinions false and shows the memorable Boston Tea Party in its true light—one of majesty and sublimity.

The colonies had aided Great Britain in her war with France. To carry on this aid, as well as for defense against the Indians, money was necessary. Since the colonies had no continental government to raise

money, members of the British Parliament decided it devolved upon them. The Stamp Act by which a tax was placed on such articles as newspapers, pamphlets, bonds, deeds, wills, mortgages, and other documents, seemed to them to be the best method. This Stamp Act was passed by the British Parliament with hardly a dissenting vote, but the Americans all opposed it on the grounds of "no taxation without representation."

This right of "no taxation without representation" was admitted by Simon de Montfort's Parliament in 1265; it had been expressly admitted by Edward I in 1301; and since then it had become generally accepted. After the War of the Roses which lasted from 1455 to 1485, no Englishman could stand up and deny the principle of "no taxation without representation." The House of Commons was so corrupt at that time, however, that it was a living denial of the principle, and after a years' debate on the subject, the Stamp Act was repealed.

When King George III came to the throne he had his own ideas in regard to the policy he was going to follow. Soon after he came into power, the American problem came up.

In order to get public opinion against America, he decided to cause it to disobey. He at once commissioned Charles Townshend and Lord North, his ministers, to draw up a bill to provide revenue.

Early in 1770, Lord North realized that this Revenue Act could not be enforced and he proposed to repeal it. But a repeal would put things back to where they were after the repeal of the Stamp Act. The King decided that the other taxes could be repealed but that the tax on tea must remain. This was, according to King George, "trying the question."

Although the people in the colonies drank tea, they did not buy it from Great Britain. They smuggled it in from Holland or the Dutch East Indies. To test the people of America, King George made an arrangement with the East India Company by which the tea could be sold in the colonies with the tax added and still be cheaper than that which they could smuggle in.

Ships were to carry cargoes of tea to New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston, as well as to Boston. There were consignees in the colonies who were to pay the tax and buy the tea, but under the threat of public opinion they resigned their position in all the other cities except Boston. At Charleston the ships lingered in the harbor more than the twenty days allowed by law so the cargo was seized and left to rot in the customhouse. In the other cities the ships were not allowed even to enter the harbors.

Before deciding not to permit the tea to be sold in Boston, letters were sent to all the other towns asking their opinions and advice. All

these towns sent replies favoring prohibiting the sale of the tea.

In Boston the ships had arrived in the harbor and had a civilian guard placed around them to prevent the sale of the tea. These ships could not leave port again without the regular clearance from the collector of the port or a special pass from the governor. For nineteen days the ships lay in the harbor without anyone buying the tea. On the twentieth day, a petition was sent to the governor to ask for a special pass to permit the ships to leave harbor.

A meeting was held in the Old South Church to decide what was to be done. Samuel Adams and Dr. Joseph Warren had plans already made to deal with the situation. When word was brought of the governor's refusal to give a special pass, a merchant of Boston asked, "Mr. Moderator, did any one ever think how tea would mix with salt water?" and there was a shout of applause. Immediately after this the "Indians" went on board the ships and began dumping tea into the sea.

The Boston Tea Party was the only means which the Americans could use to prevent submitting to the tax. If we condemn the Tea Party we should also have to condemn the Revolution. The restraint showed by the people in waiting until all the other means failed is majestic and sublime.

ALBERT JUARCEYS

Baledictory

Dear Teachers:—We now come to the close of our four years here and realize the help you have given us. We thank you for that help and hope that you will have only pleasant thoughts of the class of 1931.

Schoolmates:—We do not graduate tonight with all tasks completed but leave some for you. Maintain the standards in which we excelled and improve in the others.

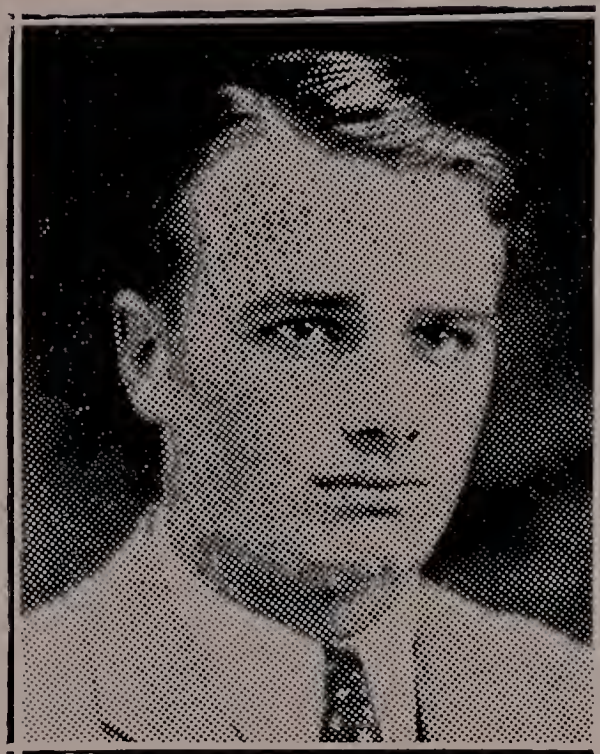
Classmates:—This night brings to a close our four years of association as the class of 1931. We have gone through four years of life closely associated in work and play so let us continue our friendship in the other years of our life.

Friends, one and all, we the class of 1931, bid you farewell.

ALBERT JUARCEYS



GILBERT SMITH



MILFORD BOTTOMLEY

1931 Class Prophecy

Yes "Tempus fugit," and while the world was still wondering if "Al" Capone was only joking or if he really meant to be bad, I was chosen president of Soviet Alaska. Of course, after that strenuous campaign of 1950, I needed a vacation; so I went on a Good-will tour. I chose England for the Prince of Wales was to be married. In preparation, the chief chefs of the Soviet White House, Eileen Welch and Eileen Handy, put me up a few sandwiches, and Jimmy McClung, the aviator, flew me across.

It was Hallowe'en when I landed in London, but I tried to forget it. The first person to meet me at the port was His Worship, Lord Mayor of London, Dick Hodges. His Lordship and his chauffeur, Hank Trombly, showed me, that afternoon, London from old London Bridge to the new statue of Guy Fawkes by the sculptor Albert Irving Currier.

Evening came, and, as His Grace went to bed at 7:30, I was forced to celebrate Hallowe'en alone. Walking along Fleet Street, I saw a man peering into a Tavern labeled "Jim Glennie's Coffee House" and, drawing near, I recognized him to be Arthur Hodgkins. He professed to be selling tickets on the Derby, so, being gullible, I bought one. Walking on, I begged him to attend the Opera with me but "No," said he, "my solar horoscope says I mustn't tonight." He added that Charlotte Rea, alias Dolores Navarro, had gone into the astrologist business with Romana Kalinowski. I bade him "Good Evening" and went to the Opera.

No sooner had I entered than a little usher offered to take my hat. I thanked her and said I was still in good health and could hold my own hat. However, I let her take it when I discovered she was Helen Scanlon. I took my seat beside a rather sleepy gentleman who persistently ate peanuts and hummed the melodies, but aside from that, I thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment, for as the curtain rose, there in the foot-lights were Tillie Subatch and Alice Hibbits in the leading roles of "Madame Butterfly". Again, in the orchestra there was Phyllis Joyce playing second fiddle. During the intermission the thoughtless gentleman became quite chummy and gave me his card. Later, on this I found to be inscribed "C. Richard Smith, Paper hanger, etc., 17 Cornhill, London."

November 2nd came, the day of the prince's wedding. Towards 8 o'clock I walked into a jewelry store to buy a present for the prince. There, laughing and giggling at the prospect of a customer, was Bob McGuirk. Business was not rushing, so having sold me under pressure a silver punch bowl, hand-painted by Joseph Dziadosz, he commented that Al Juarceys and Johnnie Hill had climbed the ladder of fame together, till now both had become chiefs: Al of Scotland Yard, and Johnnie of the home town fire department. I soon left, and returning home, I set out for the wedding with my punch bowl.

The most impressive sight was the flowers. They were beautiful. Why shouldn't they be? The evening "Gazette" said Fred Bastian was the florist and C. Douglas Glennie the decorator. Or in other words, Doug was the blossom and Fred was the stem. The next most impressive was the wedding feast. I hastened to enter the banquet hall but suddenly I stopped and trembled with fear, for I thought I saw approaching me the Ancient Mariner. However, it was only that hirsute Milford Bottomley up to some of his old tricks.

After this scare, I took a seat at the table and quite enjoyed the meal. The third course was ten minutes late, but that was excusable after I recognized the cups were marked "Ralph Stork, Caterer to the King." The entertainment following the feast was music by Bill McDuffie's Holiday Harmonizers. As a specialty on the program, there was presented the 20th century Sophie Tucker, Mary Barbette, in Everett Fletcher's jazz version of "Shall I Be an Angel, Daddy?"

The rozy-fingered dawn now began my third day in London, and still I saw no fog. Moreover, London's meteorologist, Edward Curley, said over the radio, that he could see none either. In despair, I decided to return home, but picking up the morning paper, I recalled I had bought a ticket on the race. However, I was soon again in despair, for I saw in the sporting section a picture of the horse expected to win and

its jockey Bob Rockwell. I turned then to the comic section and there were the old pals still in trouble: Oscar and Sam, by Ralph Augustine Mulligan.

That afternoon, I said good-bye to London and as I thought of the classmates I had seen, I was caused to realize that North Andover was on the way to my Alaskan home. Nothing more fitting than a sojourn in an old New England town as Bob Kelley, the radio announcer, would say, when he bi-weekly advertised Maselunas's Mosquito and Ant Insecticide.

The Yuletide season was drawing near when I landed in the home town, and walking along Main Street, I dropped a nickel into the Salvation Army's box. Before I could clear my conscience, someone kicked me in the shin and there was Bill Stead playing Santa Claus. I thought it advisable to keep moving and farther on, thinking I would be alone, I entered a book store for a novel. The girl behind the counter looked quite familiar. More so, for the Radio next door was playing in its Songs of Yesterday, "I Remember You From Somewhere." And sure I did. It was Estelle Kruschwitz. In the lively chatter of the home town, she spoke of Pat Josselyn's and Kitty Clements's beauty parlor where they specialized in face lifting and other adjustments; and, upon happening to hear the next door radio, she added that the crooner was Joe Driver. The book she recommended for my idle hours was Catherine Phelan's "Democracy in the Home" with supplementary articles on "Why we do not sing at the Table" by Elinor Greenwood. I now left and walked again along Main Street. It was cold and the snow, then three feet deep, had begun to fall again. Soon a snow plow came by, and in the truck sat majestically Joe Lane. Seeing me, he waved and I climbed in. As we rode along, he pointed out to me dear old North Andover. First there was the sanitarium for aged dogs and horses which the philanthropic ladies, Dorothy Paley and Helen Simpson, had established for the community. There was the Village Improvement Society returning from their survey of the Yuletide decorations, led by the perpetual eloquence of Enid Kruschwitz. Sarah Murphy stood on the corner of Main and Elm and gave us that sarcastic grin, the occult meaning of which the movie fans had never yet fathomed.

Towards 5 o'clock, Joe put up his plow, and together we walked up the great White Way. In a sheltered spot, he stopped to light his pipe and there, by the luminosity of the match, I discerned two posters. On one was written in great black letters: "Re-elect Ruth Perley to the School Committee—She will take a fearless stand on the No-School problem of Rainy Days and Late Nights." On the second was advertised a

ten round bout to be held at Humphrey's Hippodrome. "Dew-drop" Lyons vs. "Alphalpha" Ryley.

The evening was spent in a hotel where, unfortunately, the second battalion of the Girl Scouts' trumpet corps was holding a Christmas party. In the whistling drill, they were conducted by their scoutmaster and chaperone, Miss Helen Phelan and in their campfire lullabies by her Lieutenant, Miss Keighley. Speaking mildly, it was quite an exciting event.

The following afternoon on the way to the frozen North, as I thought of what I had seen and heard, there came to me the answer to that life-long question: "Why Lindbergh went on Good-will Tours?"

GILBERT SMITH

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1931

We, the class of 1931, supposedly being reasonably sane, do hereby publish this as our last will and testament, hereby revoking any nonsensical or fraudulent statements heretofore made. After numerous debts, namely, Chemistry Fees, Athletic Dues, Journal Advertisements, and others too few to mention have been paid, we leave the following:

To Alfred Boush, Dick Smith leaves his magnetic personality and to Drury Connor advice on "How to Make a Woman Like You."

Douglas Glennie leaves one of his cars to Henry Nason. Henry is becoming too slim from his extensive walking from Boxford.

Dot Paley wills her cornet to Ruth Lee. Ruth can generate enough hot air to blow it.

Joe Lane bequeaths his Physics notebook and abundant store of knowledge to Arthur Bastian.

Charlotte Rea leaves her extra supply of hairnets to Ruth Buchan. Now that Ruthie is growing up she needs them.

John Maselunas gladly leaves his big feet to Kenneth Fenton.

To Anna Collins, Eileen Welsh leaves a much needed book on Biology. This is recommended unanimously by the Latin class.

Ralph Stork leaves to "Dint" Reilly his lazy habits. I hope "Dint" doesn't become quite so bad.

Elinor Greenwood bequeaths a little of her dignity to Myrtha Fredrick.

James McClung gives "Cy" Knowles a few tips on how to become sylphlike and graceful.

To Mary Cunio, Sarah Murphy leaves the privilege of sitting next to the reporter at the basketball games.

To George "Slickum" Busby, Bob Kelley leaves the remainder of his "Peanut Oil".

Tillie Subatch will gladly give to Anna Phelan, some of her excess avoirdupois.

To Sam Tetler, the Senior Class leaves the pleasure of spending another year with his Sophomore.

To Fannie Koroskys, Ed. Curley leaves a standing date, if she will bring her car; and his educated hand to Phil. Busby.

Richard Hodges leaves to Fred Clarenbach, that way he has with the girls.

Phyllis Joyce has consented to leave a few typewriting awards for Miriam Williams to get.

"Hank" Trombly says Jack McEvoy can pull the curtains at the school plays. He doesn't care.

Helen Keighley leaves her baby face to Helen Kelly.

Robert James Joyce Colman McGuirk leaves a few of his names to Paul Covell. He won't need them where he is going. They number them there.

Now that "Pat" Boyle has got a haircut she leaves it to Alice May. Alice always looks as though she had a "baldy".

John Hill leaves his good looks to Dan Balavitch.

Helen Phelan leaves to Sadie Kazilunas her booklet entitled "How to Reduce the Hips by Chewing Gum."

Joe Driver leaves his record of getting up at 8:00 o'clock and being at school on time to George Brightman. I wouldn't advise George to try to break it.

Romana Kalinowski leaves her dimples and curly hair to Gertrude Stewart. Every little helps.

Arthur Hodgkins leaves to Richard Spofford a little of his masterly art of self-satisfaction.

Fred Bastian leaves his pet chicken and the colored Easter egg it will someday lay, to Arthur Bastian.

Alice Hibbits leaves some of her business-like ability to Lena Tamagnine.

"Al" Juarceys leaves to Alex. Law, a little of his knowledge. Alex. really needs more than a little.

Helen Simpson bequeaths 50 cents to Ruth Covell for the purpose of getting her hair waved.

Joe Dziadosz bequeaths to Bob Richardson his book, "How to Bring the Women to Your Feet."

Catherine Phelan leaves her extensive knowledge of History to the Juniors. I hope they succeed in passing.

Gilbert "Honeysuckle" Smith leaves to Hugh McClung his latest book "Why I was able to knock Primo Carnera out", and to Bob Gagne the privilege of milking his cows.

"Al" Currier leaves his old car to anyone who wants it.

To Lottie Maselunas, Ruth Perley her celestial air.

Bob Rockwell leaves a wee portion of his obstinate independence to David Roche.

To Virginia Foster, "Pat" Josselyn leaves her startling styles, including the ankle bracelet.

Jim Glennie leaves to Anthony Burturlia his carpenter's tools. Jim's Father doesn't need Jim's help any more.

Everett Fletcher gives reluctantly his razor to Arnold Ratcliffe. Fletcher can't seem to raise a fuzz and Ratcliffe certainly needs one.

"Kitty" Clements leaves to Dorcas Curley a few of her boy friends. Now that Dorcas has become hard-hearted at the lunch counter, she hasn't many.

Wilbur Lyons leaves to Foster Currier his hair cut, and the clippers to cut it with. The one Will has should last for a long time.

Mary Barbette leaves to the next basketball captain advice on how to faint gracefully on the basketball court.

"Bill" Stead leaves a few inches to Fred Whittaker.

Helen Scanlon leaves to Avis Harris her boy friend and his car. This will save Avis the bother of walking the streets.

"Bill" McDuffie leaves his augmentative inclinations to Charles Trombly. Maybe Charlie inherited some from "Hank", but a little more won't hurt.

To Elizabeth Agnes Murphy, Eileen Handy leaves her gorgeous blond, beautiful hair.

Jim Ryley leaves his woman Mary, to any nice Junior.

Enid and Estelle Kruschwitz leave to the Auger sisters, the system of getting the same marks in the same subjects.

We, the Class of 1931, leave our thanks and gratitude to the teachers for the many happy hours we spent with them, after school.

In witness whereof we, the Class of 1931, make our illegible marks, this ninth (9) day of June, 1931 A. D.

MILFORD B. BOTTOMLEY

In witness whereof we, the following, being deemed capable witnesses, subscribe our names.

CLARA A. CHAPMAN

GILBERT W. SMITH



Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" was the play which was presented at Johnson High this year for the benefit of the Athletic Association. It was staged very successfully on the evening of April 24, 1931. with the following cast of characters:

William Sylvanus Baxter

Mr. Baxter

Joe Bullitt

Genesis

Johnnie Watson

George Crooper

Mr. Parcher

Wallie Banks

Jane Baxter

Mrs. Baxter

Ethel Boke

Lolo Pratt

May Parcher

Mary Brooks

Robert Rockwell

Albert Currier

Robert McGuirk

Robert Gagne

Milford Bottomley

Daniel Balavich

Robert Richardson

George Busby

Joan Russell

Lillian Mort

Marjorie Gill

Dorcas Curley

Claire Lebel

Sarah Murphy

William Sylvanus Baxter had ceased to be 16 but was not yet 18. 17 is a disease not an age. The play is centered about this youth, who falls in love with an amiable flirt who is visiting in the town. William gets the idea that he can't court her unless he has a dress suit and much mirth is brought about by this incident.

Miss Green and Miss Cook are to be congratulated on the splendid coaching of the play.

The student body and the townspeople generously supported their entertainment.

The following is the JOURNAL Staff elected for next year:

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief

Assistant Editor

Art Editor

Humor Editor

Sports Editor

Robert M. Gagne

Arthur B. Bastian

George L. Brightman

Daniel Balavich

Charles Donlan (boys)

Sports Editor
News Editor
Exchange Editor

Eleanor Fitzgerald (girls)
John J. Phelan, Jr.
Mary L. Sullivan

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager
Advertising Manager
Circulation Manager

George Busby
Leonard O. Slicer
John McEvoy

The reporters and faculty adviser for the JOURNAL have not been elected but are to be elected after the beginning of the fall term.

Cicero staged a comeback on May 26, when the Cicero Class of '31 with its respected teacher, Miss Greene, and its five members, Misses Elizabeth Cassidy, Sarah Murphy, Eileen Handy, Robert Rockwell and Gilbert Smith, met at the latter's home at 782 Osgood Street. The Latin students had the privilege of riding in a pre-historic conveyance, namely a depot wagon, along the lake. Mr. Smith held the reins while Mr. Rockwell held the post of right hand man in case the usually meek and obedient horse should become spirited and bolt with the company. At the close of the hazardous ride, a lunch was enjoyed in the grove to the pleasure of those present. After this repast games were enjoyed in the house, and the Cicero Class closed their party with a sigh of regret.

Dr. Sigmund Spaeth came to the school and gave a very humorous talk about music and how it is written. He came to introduce the concerts which are to be held during the winter. The fees are \$2.50 for pupils of the schools and \$5.00 for adults. Many of the best musicians will perform at these concerts.

On May 19, the pupils of the Freshman cooking class gave an informal tea to the members of the faculty. Dainty sandwiches, coffee, cake and punch were served. The hostesses were Virginia Bixby, Helen Clarenbach and Mary Dalton.

Lillian Elander, member of the girl's basketball team and treasurer of the athletic association, left school for the realm of matrimony. She is now Mrs. Earl Simon.

"Red" Aaronian, member of last fall's football squad, has ventured into the fish dealing business and is operating a successful establishment on Hampshire Street, Lawrence.

Miss Charlotte I. Starling of 25 Sargent Street, North Andover, is a member of the graduating class at Tufts College, whose Commencement took place this year on June 15. Miss Starling is on the Class Day Committee, which makes all the arrangements for the Seniors' Social activi-

ties on Commencement week-end. For the past year, she has been a member of the Fabian Society, the Biology Club, and the Jackson Student Council. On the recent Class Statistics, Miss Starling was chosen the girl in the Senior Class who was the Best Looking, the Most Sophisticated, and the "Smoothest". She is a member of the Sigma Kappa Sorority.

The annual Junior-Senior banquet was held Tuesday evening, June 9. Although the weather was most unpleasant, many were present, including members of the school committee, the faculty and of the two upper classes. This event was under the management of several capable committees of the Junior Class, working in collaboration with Miss Currier and Miss Cutler.

Following the supper there were presented by the toastmaster, Robert Gagne, the speakers of the evening: Milford Bottomley who gave the class will, and Gilbert Smith who gave the class prophecy. Sequent to this was a revival of the old western melodrama "Curses, What a Night", in which the leading roles were filled by Dorcas Curley and Daniel Balavich.

Dancing was then enjoyed until 11:00 o'clock, at which hour many hastened home, having just recollected there was a Math exam in the morning.



LITERARY



The Adventures Of James Burke

(Concluded)

CHAPTER IV

"Quick, full speed ahead! There is the coast guard. Quick, I tell you or we'll be caught. What is the trouble down there?—Well, at last 'She's' moving; we've still a chance," mused a herculean figure straining his eyes peering into the inky darkness. Slowly at first, but now faster and faster, the rum-runner, "The Angel", drew away from her pursuer. Until finally all connections to the coast guard having been lost, the boat headed toward an island situated off the coast of Colombia.

The young captain of this interesting ship is none other than James Burke, now changed, or perhaps I should say developed, into a young giant of six feet and of a rugged and finely developed constitution. Five years previous he had been captured by the former leader of these

smuggling gentlemen, who was now serving a ten year sentence at Leavenworth, and whose term wouldn't expire until 1944. Quoting the smugglers, Jimmie having known all the "ropes" was made the leader by mutual consent. Jimmie having fallen in with these ex-convicts had absolutely no voice in the matter.

On this desolate island in the Caribbean sea, which was named "Sunshine" in direct contrast to "Moonshine," was manufactured an exceptionally high quality of all sorts of liquors. Every other week "The Angel" weighed anchor and pointed her nose in the direction of the coast of Florida. A few days later she would glide silently back to the island, but much lighter than at the departure. It was on trips such as these that our hero's work was closely connected with. These detestable, uncouth ex-convicts secretly respected and feared Jimmie, who although but twenty years of age, had shown himself capable of dealing with such individuals. Since Jimmie had taken charge of this honorable and prosperous business they had at no time been captured or discovered.

And now after another successful trip to the Floridian coast they were travelling rapidly toward their island.

CHAPTER V

Another five years have come and gone, and our attention is absorbed in the little town of North Andover, but I should not say little, for an enterprising city of seventy-five thousand people cannot be classified as a "little town". That famous "Poor's Woods", through which Jimmie as a young boy had roamed on many bright sunny days that are characteristic of the month of June, well aware of his safety from the view and clutches of that alert gentleman, the truant officer, was no more. Ten years previous, in 1931, these woods had been a favorite haunt of Jimmie's. Now in the exact spot stood an immense airdrome famous the world over. It had the distinction of being the best and the largest in the world. For had not Count Lebedofe in his non-stop flight from Vienna to the United States landed here? And from what airdrome did "Al" Capone make his flight from the United States when Lawrence gunmen had put him on the "spot"? And from what airdrome did "Babe" Ruth catch a baseball dropped from a plane at the height of five thousand feet? The answers of course are the "Northwood" as it is known in North Andover. It received its name from North Andover and Poor's Woods.

Had Jimmie Burke come back to the cottage he still remembered as home, he would not have found the little gray picturesque cottage, but towering almost to the pleasant skies a large office building.





Had Jimmie Burke come back to see the man whom he knew as his father, he would not have seen him because the tulips and roses around his grave had budded six times.

Had Jimmie Burke come home to see his boyhood chums, he would not have been disappointed, for all his chums, now grown men, were nearly all employed as pilots at the "Northwood".

CHAPTER VI

Another five years have passed and the conscience of Jimmie bothered him. Up to this time he had not considered the lawlessness of his rum-running, but now it was a constant worry on his mind. Every delivering excursion found him liking the thing less and less and detesting it more and more. One night while considering going back to his old home in North Andover, he suddenly resolved to stop his bootlegging and return home. Making the necessary preparations and all ready to start home in his yacht, he told his plans to his men, the ex-convicts, and men who were wanted in the United States for more than one robbery and murder. They all congratulated him on his ambition to go straight and fell in with his plans. If Jimmie had been more observant he might have noticed that they agreed with him too readily and willingly.

When half way to Florida, suddenly the men became mutinous and were going to kill Jimmie. Jimmie succeeded in holding the tough men off for the present at any rate. All were so absorbed in the skirmish that a coast-guard approaching escaped their notice. The sailors on the coast-guard boat quickly boarded the rum-runner and stopped the mutinous men immediately. Although Jimmie was saved from an almost certain death at the hands of these villians, he expected now to go to prison. When he and his men were lined up before the captain of the boat, Jimmie was surprised to see his old boyhood chum, Ted Bingham, as captain. Jimmie confessed to Ted Bingham everything, but Ted let him go. He told Jimmie that because he had started to go straight he wouldn't stop him by sending him to prison. And so Jimmie continued on to Florida in the coast-guard unmolested.

CHAPTER VII

It was a surprised and awe-stricken man who alighted from a train in the new station at North Andover a month later. What a change from the little unpretentious station that he remembered of fifteen years ago in nineteen hundred and thirty-one! After walking around the city his footsteps led him instinctively toward the scenes of his boyhood. He was

speechless in amazement when he saw the unbelievably large airdrome situated in the exact spot of the famous Poor's Woods.

One month later we find Jimmie the owner and manager of the "Burke Individual Airplane Corporation". Jimmie was pleased to have seen his old friends and chums once again and to have settled down in an honorable position. His past life had no hold whatsoever on him.

Three months later Jimmie and Catherine Camaron were married. The friends of Jimmie now knew why he had built a wonderful house on the outskirts of the city near the suburban town of Boxford.

In time Jimmie rose in the minds of the inhabitants of North Andover until finally he ran for mayor and was elected by an overwhelming majority over his opponent.

We now leave the adventurous life of Jimmie Burke, though no longer adventurous for he had settled down to live a quiet life. At no time did he ever relent his change from a notable rum-runner to an honest, upright, home-loving individual.

JOHN J. PHELAN, JR., '33

Looking Glasses

Some people tell you that you're pretty when you're not,
Others give you compliments meant to mean a lot.
But did you ever consult the mirror on your wall?
For it will reflect you most truthfully of all.
When you stand before the little glass with your own thought,
You see for yourself what you are and what you're not.
You may see freckles, straight hair and a pug nose,
Matched to the feet by turned in toes.
Or on the other hand you may see a reflection,
Which will make you think you're quite up to perfection.

Now it's true that this little glass tells you how you look.
But for the story of your character, consult another book!
Ask yourself—Are you honest, faithful and true?
Are you a friend to be treasured by more than a few?
Does your character match your reputation in every way?
Or are you just "getting by" till a fateful day?
Now I don't want to be "preachy" or "dry",
But some day in the future by and by,
When you consult your mirror concerning your appearance.
Consult your character and strive to better it by perseverance!

MARY A. SULLIVAN

Bric-a-Brac

Of course, as Mrs. Curlen told Mr. Curlen over their solitary breakfast, the old fool had brought it onto herself, with her stubborn refusals to part with any of her ancient relics and whatnots, clinging to them as though they were flesh and blood, instead of rather curious bric-a-brac which it was necessary to sell to pay her bills. Not that Mrs. Curlen didn't sympathize with the poor lady's love for old possessions. She recalled just how badly she'd felt when the three remaining spoons of a half dozen, given her at her wedding by a close friend, had tarnished, ruined by her youngest son's earnest attempts to make lemon meringue mud pies. But when it came to hanging onto things at the expense of others and with the necessity for money, that was simply sentimental twaddle.

The kind-hearted but level-headed (she prided herself on being both) Mrs. Curlen emphasized this statement by setting the steaming coffee pot on the waiting table with a decided thump, and then lowered her apron-clad bulk into a chair opposite her husband. "She's just paid no attention to anybody's advice," she complained, raising her eyebrows ominously, as she saw her husband draw the back of his hand across his mouth, preparatory to mouthing his agreement and approval of her every action, as of course he never failed to do, having learned early in life that this course was the safest.

"You know after the first of her living here, I never paid much attention to her, because she never returned a call, and she acted so queer that I'm sure I didn't want to go in there and sit all alone with her, never knowing what might come into her head."

"Though," she added painstakingly, as if to reassure her listener in regard to her utter justice, "she never acted violent, just sort of weary and with an air of wanting to be alone. In this neighborhood!" she finished loftily, unconscious of the irony of her statement. "I can't abide a woman," she continued, rising and deftly clearing the table of the soiled dishes, "who isolates herself like that in a perfectly respectable community. Even if she is old, she could treat people as though she were glad to see them, but she acts as though she can't wait till they're gone! Well, I won't have anything to do with her," voraciously. "Mr. Gaylord has every right to put her out, if she's too stubborn to get rid of any of her stuff to pay him. I think there's something queer about her," this in a low voice.

"Now, Julia, don't get excited. She's just a stubborn, ungrateful old woman, and although it is queer, her not having any folks or callers,

she'll get what's coming to her tomorrow. Gaylord's sick of her quibbling and he's given her the gate. She's supposed to move out today."

"Today?" cried his wife, barely concealing her dismay, "then I've missed the moving! Why didn't you tell me before?"

She hastily wiped her soapy hands on her apron, and hurried into the next room peering out of a window which looked across the narrow pasture onto a small, brick house set back in some withered shrubs and stunted trees.

"Why, there are no men there," she exclaimed, "and there's no truck out front. You must have been mistaken." She conveyed by the tone in which this was said that she really might have expected it, anyhow.

"I'm sure Gaylord said today," her husband said timidly as though he quite agreed with his wife all the time.

"That's queer," she ruminated, scarcely noticing his reply, having disposed of his contribution to the subject, "there's no smoke coming from the chimney and yesterday's milk is still on the step. I wonder what the old woman's doing now?"

Mrs. Grey, a woman whose name fitted her description perfectly, was little and drab and like a lot of colorless landscape. Her really lovely grey hair was fastened somewhat untidily upon the top of her small round head, and her figure was so shapeless as to suggest that her maker had simply added to a small, undistinguishable grey mass, a head and arms and legs. As a child she had played house incessantly and her every motive even her marriage, was actuated by a desire to possess pretty furniture. She had collected bit by bit a great amount of hopelessly matching little knick-knacks, which were dearer to her than her own salvation. Her husband died in the fifth year of their marriage and her one child three years later. With every other object removed on which to vent her love, she lavished a peculiar passion on these inanimate possessions. As she grew older, she took as great a pride in them as a woman in her lover or beloved child, but soon this pride turned into a miserly desire to conceal her treasures from the world. Her living expenses were small, and she existed happily on the small amount which came to her after her husband's death. With a desire to secure a proper setting for her loved possessions, she rented a small brick house in a small village, close to her native town. Her money had dwindled slowly and now at eighty-three she was faced with the prospect of selling some of her treasures, and this she refused to do.

On the evening of the day when Mr. Gaylord, after many warnings in the past, had told her definitely that she must leave her home on the morrow, she sat in her small icy sitting room staring effortlessly into space.

Tomorrow they were forcing her out, were they, tomorrow her beautiful children, as close now to her as flesh and blood, were to be cruelly thrown into the street? Cruel, ruthless. How could she fool them in their evil purpose? She sat in her little high backed chair late into the night, mumbling to herself and trying to come to some conclusion in her little grey mind.

On the third day, Mr. Gaylord, Mr. Curlen and a number of eager neighbors broke down the little old door. The furniture, the rugs, the old gilt-framed pictures, the fragile chinaware were all in their accustomed places. The musty darkened hall gave no clue to the inquisitive, peering eyes. But in the little old sitting room, among her treasured things, little old Mrs. Grey had found an answer to her problem.

DORCAS CURLEY, '32

Unbelievable

Mrs. Styvessant-Knox sat at a colonial reproduction secretary marvelously enveloped in a mist of lavender chiffon. Her golden hair was drawn in smooth waves over her shapely head. Just now the smile that usually made her quite pretty (and which could be applied like her lipstick) was missing and in its place was a rather ugly droop which made a resting place for a faintly fragrant Turkish cigarette.

She was reading for the fifth time a letter which she had received yesterday from her married sister. This sister, Mae, was a flappery, insignificant sort of young matron whom she had not seen since she, Mrs. Styvessant-Knox, had married *the* Starleigh Styvessant-Knox of New York. Mentally she was placing her sister Mae, with her cheap orange rouge and flaming dresses against her own Paris importations; placing Mae in her New York apartment; Mae meeting her friends. The thought seemed unpleasant for she grimaced slightly and turned back to the letter. Here is what she read:

"Dearest Yvonne:

I know it is a long time since I've wrote you or seen you but that's because you married different than I did. Ma always said you'd marry well and you have. Just imagine riding around New York in your magnificent Rolls-Royce and hobnobbing with all the swells and ordering your servants around: Marie, bring me this, Home, James! Gee, some people have all the luck. But I'm not doing so bad myself—"

And so on ad infinitum about the new parlor set and Charlie's Ford. But now to come to the really important part.

"Now, Yvonne, dear, I want to ask you to do something for me. Charlie has been offered a nifty chance to make a good business and I'm supposed to go with him. Now, here's the trouble. We can't take Barbara with us and Barbara is such an old precious, only four years old and I know you'd just love her. I'm enclosing a picture of her and Yvonne, let me know as soon as you can if you will take her for just two months.

Yours ever, Mae."

Yvonne silently commented upon Mae's instinct of motherhood and glanced again at the picture. Barbara did look to be a sweet child. Her lovely hair (like Yvonne's own) fell in beautiful curls about her sweet face and neck and one little chubby arm enveloped a smooty, dirty, little dog. Yvonne thought once more with a sigh of how the sticky little fingers would mar her Paris importations and how she would have to endure the sticky little kisses on her finely rouged cheeks. But of course, if Mrs. Athelstan had set the style of adopting a baby for the summer in New York, it might be wise to follow her step. If it would gain her admission to Mrs. Athelstan's select circle it would certainly be worth considering.

Well, she had done it now. The telegram had gone off to Mae and one received from her: "Yvonne, you're a darling. Will get her up to you as soon as possible stop feed her—"

But there Yvonne had stopped. She'd feed the child as she pleased!

* * * * *

Yvonne spent the rest of the afternoon in selecting dainty child's clothing, the price of which would have made Mae faint, in hiring a little French nurse to care for the child, in buying baby furniture and in spreading the news to her fashionable friends who admired Mrs. Athelstan's idea greatly and who immediately made plans for following Mrs. Styvessant-Knox's move by visiting the city orphanage.

* * * * *

Two days later, there was a flutter of excitement in the Styvessant-Knox Fifth Avenue apartment. The stiff-faced butler appeared in the doorway and announced solemnly: "Barbara has arrived, madam." And there stood the scraggly, dirty little dog of the picture.

MIRIAM WILLIAMS, '32

The Alcohol Substitute

The fact that Dr. Arnold Stirn was on the brink of discovering a non-poisonous substitute for alcohol, while Dr. Sidney Carper had just failed to discover the very same thing, may have been the work of Fate.

Nobody in Clemborough knew which one of its two doctors had first conceived the idea; in fact, Clemborough itself knew very little about alcohol, and cared less. But the two doctors were in dead earnest, even though they chided each other jokingly whenever they met. The brawny Carper would glower at the back of the slight and long-headed Stirn. The latter, on the other hand, did not bother himself about Carper, but instead directed all of his attention to his work.

The race had continued now for four months. The doctors, who had never been very friendly, were estranged more than ever. Yet each one managed, somehow or other, to obtain knowledge of the other's progress.

For two days Dr. Stirn, small in body but great in mind, allowed his medical practice to take its own course while he shut himself up in his laboratory with his hopes. And then on the third day, as payment for his fervent efforts, his hopes took flight, and in their place came reality, in the form of a transparent liquid which filled a beaker.

The doctor knew his rival, Carper, had failed. But Dr. Stirn was generous, and he wanted professional opinion. Accordingly, he graciously invited Carper over to his house that evening, that they both might try his invention for the first time.

Sidney Carper scowled as he raised the knocker on the other doctor's door. To think that he had allowed that puny little runt to beat him. Why—well, he had a few tricks up his sleeve yet. He would show this Stirn that he was not to be trifled with. Didn't he—?

The door swung open. "Ah," smiled the little man, rubbing his hands, as he ushered the other in, "so glad to see you. So glad to see you."

Carper replied with a not very patronizing grunt.

"Well," continued Stirn, as they seated themselves—"well, I suppose you've heard?"

"Yes, I've heard," scowled the big man.

The conversation continued in this manner, and was so griping to Carper that finally he himself was forced to request that they get down to business.

"Yes, yes, of course. How stupid of me!" the host exclaimed a little nervously. He opened a nearby cupboard, and drew forth a tray on which were two glasses of cherry colored liquid. "I have made a nice drink, using my new invention to—"

He stopped short. He had turned around and was looking into the muzzle of Carper's automatic. In the dim light of the room his face

turned a shade whiter than it already was. He tried to stammer something but Carper cut him short.

"Stirn," he hissed, "I want the formula!"

Stirn knew what he meant. And he was afraid of guns. "In the safe," he said weakly.

"Go and get it!" snapped Carper, "and don't try any funny business!"

So Stirn thought he had the best of him, did he? Ha! Keeping his eye on the quivering little man working at the safe, he dropped a tiny white tablet in Stirn's glass of cherry red liquor. That would do the trick!

"Hand it over!" he commanded, and shut off Stirn's weak protest by snatching the document from him.

"Now," he continued, more pleasantly, but still with the gun, "let us drink *my* wonderful liquor." With gun leveled at the small doctor, he watched him drink the poisoned glass, and then drained off his own in one gulp. "Hum, not bad stuff." A good night's work, he thought.

He saw Stirn breathe his last breath, and he himself heaved a sigh of relief. What made him so tired? Was holding a gun as tiring as all that? Perhaps it was the comfortable chair in which he was sitting; at any rate, he was soon asleep.

He never awoke. Fate, the just mistress, had played her part.

ROBERT GAGNE, '32

His Last Game

Dan Benton was in a gloomy mood as he strolled along the path to the field. Today's game with Hillside was his last for Dale University. Hillside was on the way to its second conference championship with only Dale in its path. Everything hinged on this one game.

Dan entered the dressing room to a chorus of greetings, turned to his locker, and in a short time was dressed, and out on the playing field. It was a beautiful day for the game, sunny, but not too warm, with hardly a cloud in the blue sky. Dan took his position at second base for the preliminary warm-up amid the shouts of a huge crowd thronging the stadium. Davis, agile catcher and batting star, cavorted around home-plate with the pep and vim of youthful confidence. Dan, influenced no little by the attitude of Davis and his teammates, brightened up somewhat.

Now the umpire was calling for the game to begin. Carey, Dale's speed-ball hurler, took his place on the rubber. Nonchalantly he surveyed the first Hillside batter, took Davis's signal, and pitched. The ball flashed in a white streak into the big mitt. "Strike one!"

The batter looked faintly surprised and set himself for the next one. Again Carey pitched. This time the batter swung, driving a blistering liner straight at Smith, capable shortstop. Smith smothered the drive with ease. One out. The second batter poked vainly at Carey's fast one, swung weakly at a dazzling curve, and went back to the bench after another fast one sped past him. The third man hit a fast grounder to Dan, who snapped it up, and threw to first without loss of time. No runs, no hits.

But Dale fared little better in her half. Smith fouled out on the second pitched ball. Dan, fouled off a fast hopper, passed up a slow curve, and finally flied out to left. Jones, right fielder, after dropping vainly at two fast balls, was beguiled into swinging at a bad ball for the last strike. No runs, no hits.

For four innings each pitcher was unhittable. The only semblance of a hit was Davis's terrific drive to deep center which was fielded sensationally by Hillside's gardener. But in the fifth Carey ran into trouble. The first hitter rolled a weak grounder to Smith at short. Smith fumbled for a nerve wracking moment, retrieved it, and hurled it far into the first-base stands. The runner cantered to second. Then a scorching line drive eluded the left fielder, and the man on second scored, while the batter sprinted to third. In a moment a long sacrifice fly enabled him to tally Hillside's second run. Carey faltered, and passed the next man. The next batter boosted a mighty fly into center field, and Boswell camped under it. But by some inexplicable mishap, the ball evaded his clutching hands, and fell safely. The man on first circled the bases to score, while the batter halted at second. Now Carey stiffened and struck out an overanxious Hillsider. An easy grounder to Smith was the best effort of the last man. The score now stood three to nothing.

Dale started out to get some of the runs back. Smith singled sharply to left. Dan drove him to third with a hard hit to right, but stopped at first himself. On the next pitch Jones blasted a long drive into left field. Smith scored as Dan rounded second and sped for third. "Hold up!" was the command. Dan turned third, and ran a few strides before halting. As he turned, the alert shortstop whipped the ball to third, and Dan's despairing dive availed him nothing. He was out, silence greeted him as he sat down on the bench. The coach evinced his opinion with a disgruntled "Bonehead!"

Jones was now on second. At bat was Davis, leading hitter of the circuit. He fulfilled Dale's hopes, and the fears of the Hillsiders by poking out a long two-bagger, scoring Jones. But the next hitter was baffled by the evasive curves of the Hillside twirler. The rally widened

when Boswell grounded out to second, and now the score was three to two.

Now Carey had something to work on. His speed was blinding, his curves dazzling. Three hitters found him and three chagrined hitters returned to the bench. But if Carey was invincible so was the Hillsider. Not a man reached first. For three more innings he pitched air-tight baseball.

It was the first of the ninth. Carey threw every ounce of his strength into each pitch. The first batter popped a weak fly to first. The next grounded to Carey, who threw him out. And the last batter swung wildly at three speedy shots.

Dale was determined in his last chance to win the ball game. Carey led off with a hard daisy-clipper to third. The base man fumbled, threw the ball into the dirt in front of first, and Carey was safe. Smith laid down a bunt to send Carey to second. Now came Dan. The pitcher was working with all his cleverness. Dan watched a tempting curve go by. Ball one. The next ball cut the plate a trifle low, and Dan still waited. Again the pitch. This time Dan swung. Crack! The ball sped deep into left field as Carey rounded third and came on to score. Dan went to second on the throw-in.

Three to three, one out, the last of the ninth. Jones was hitting. He disdained the first teasing outshoot, but the second one he hit. Straight at third it bounded. As the baseman scored it, and whipped it to first, Dan flashed to third and around the bag. The first baseman took the throw, tagged the base to retire Jones, and snapped the ball back to third. But Dan had kept going! The third baseman swung around, halted a moment, then hurled the ball after Dan's flying figure. Dan, sprinting with every atom of his strength, heard the command, "Slide!". He hit the dirt in a sweeping slide, eluding the catcher's frantic attempt to tag him. He had scored from second on an infield out, to win the game.

Dan arose, dusted himself, and headed for the locker room surrounded by the wildly enthusiastic mob. At the door the coach met Dan. "Nice work!" was his laconic utterance.

Dan was in a happy mood as he strolled along the path to the dormitory. His thoughts dwelt, not upon the game, but on that one cryptic phrase, "Nice work!"



Class Song, 1931

Dear Johnson High, from you we part
With thoughts so good and true,
Though we regret with all our hearts
To think of leaving you.

Your high ideals we'll always keep
Through all the years to come;
And trust that from them we shall reap
Great good until life's done.

You teachers who have gathered here
And classmates one and all,
We'll hold in memory very dear
While answering duty's call.

CHORUS: (After Last Stanza)

For auld lang syne, my dears;
For auld lang syne;
We'll have a tho't of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Words by RUTH ELAINE PERLEY, '31





ATHLETICS



Girls' Basketball

The girls' basketball team, captained by Miss Mary Barbette, failed to come up to standard. Out of fourteen games played, five were won, eight lost, and one tied. Miss Barbette, high-scoring forward, was outstanding throughout the season, while Miss Gill and Miss Scanlon played fine defensive basketball all year.

This year's basketball team met and elected as captain of next year's basketball team, Miss Marjorie E. Gill. Miss Gill played guard on the team. This was also Miss Gill's first year on the varsity. We are all wishing you good luck for next year, Marjorie.

Football

The football team, led by Captain Ralph Stork, enjoyed a fine season. Out of nine games played, six were won, two tied and one lost. The offense displayed throughout the year was powerful, while the defense was brilliant at all times. The outstanding feat of the team was in holding Newburyport to a scoreless tie.

At the end of the season a banquet was held. Previous to the banquet, the team elected as captain for next year, quarterback Allan Morse.

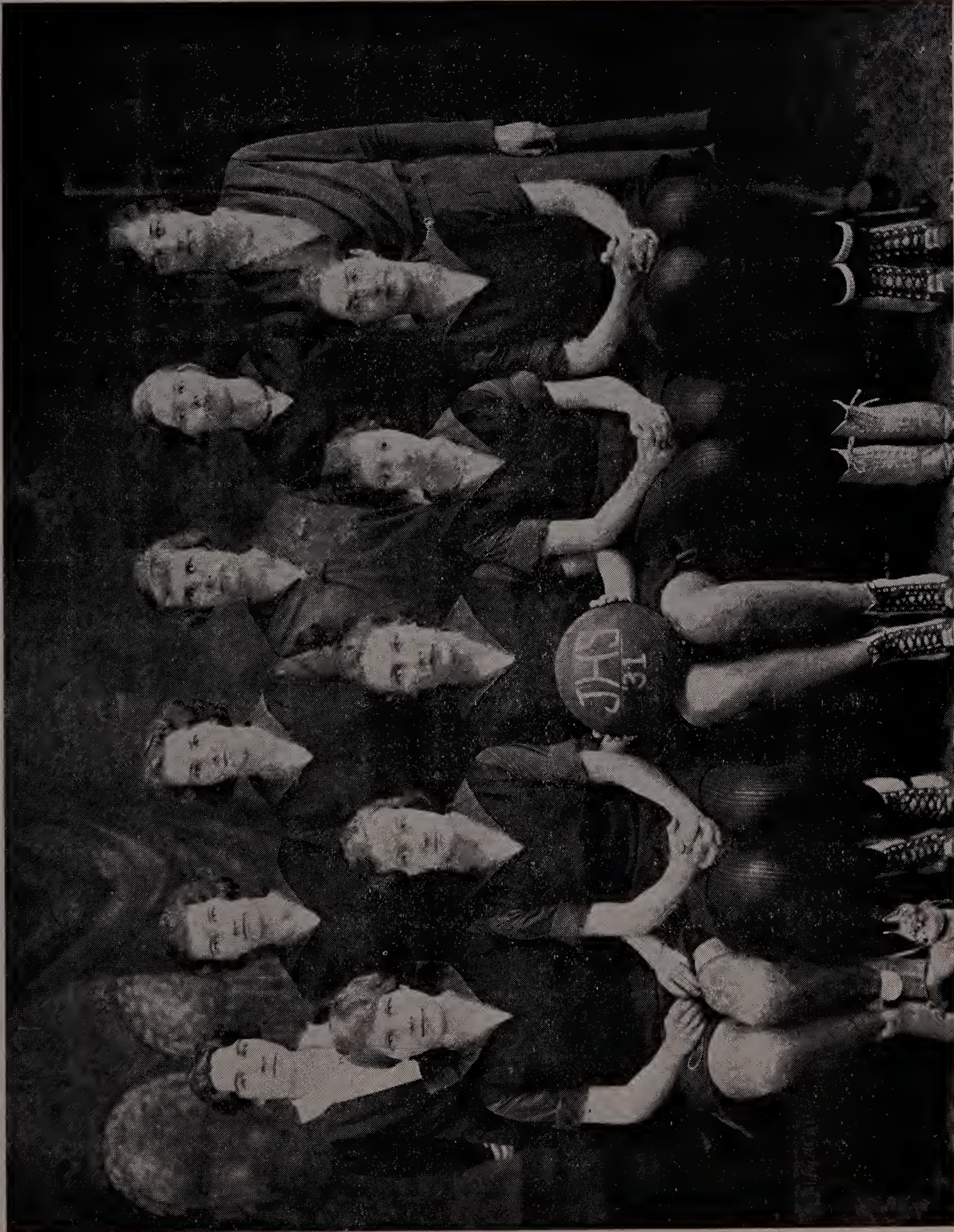
Boys' Basketball

The boys' basketball team under Coach Hayes went through an excellent season, winning twelve and losing four. Joe Dziadosz, captain and forward, was the individual high scorer, with 181 points. Slicer amassed a total of 144, followed by MacRobie with 120. A complete summary of the games is as follows:

Sports	Won	Lost	Tied
Football	6	1	2
Boys' Basketball	12	4	0
Girls' Basketball	5	8	1

Baseball

The baseball team, after a poor start, seems to have settled down to playing good baseball. The individual batting stars are Lyons, McGuirk, and Ryley, while Captain Edward Curley and Wilbur Lyons have upheld the heavy end of the pitching.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM, 1931

Thus far twelve games have been played with five wins and seven losses. The summary:

Johnson	8	Belmont	10	Johnson	4	Chelmsford	9
Johnson	2	Punchard	10	Johnson	8	Manning	5
Johnson	2	Howe	3	Johnson	9	Methuen	5
Johnson	18	Woodbury	4	Johnson	7	Manning	16
Johnson	12	Wilmington	1	Johnson	8	Howe	9
Johnson	1	Punchard	11		—		—
Johnson	3	Methuen	4		72		57



EXCHANGES



In presenting the last in this year's series of "Exchanges" the editor has decided to take humorous "high lights" from some of the papers and publish them in the *Johnson Journal*. By doing this we hope to improve our paper and become more closely united in our "Exchanges".

"Jamaco Journal" Merrimac High School, Merrimac, Mass.

Your class notes are written up very well. We like the way your class affairs stand out. However you seem to be lacking in "School Spirit". We hope you find the umbrella for which the following notice was given:

"Lost: An umbrella by a man with six bent ribs and an ivory dome."
"Record", Newburyport High School, Newburyport, Mass.

You have fine alumni columns and effective cartoons. All in all a splendid paper, the kind we are striving to edit.

Does it apply at Johnson?

He Who Knows Not and Knows Not That He Knows Not

He is a freshman—Scorn Him.

He Who Knows Not and Knows That He Knows Not

He is a sophomore—Pity Him.

He Who Knows and Knows Not That He Knows

He is a junior—Honor Him.

He Who Knows and Knows That He Knows

He is a senior—Respect Him.

GRAMMAR TEST

You see a beautiful girl walking down the street. She's singular; you are nominative. You walk across the street, changing to verbal, and then, if she is not objective, you become plural. You walk home. Her

mother is accusative, and you become imperative. You talk of the future, she changes to the objective; you kiss her. Her father becomes present; things are tense; and you become a past participle.

"The Little Red School House", Athol High School, Athol, Mass.

The type for headlines is very good—outstanding and effective. You show a great deal of "School Spirit".

"The Oxon Life", Cambridge, Mass.

You have nothing outstanding, not enough literature and poetry. Your paper seems disjointed.

"The Students' Pen", Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Mass.

The Students' Pen had a very commendable cover. Your sports are written up in a very interesting way. Why not increase your humor?

"The Keene High School Enterprise", Keene High School, Keene, N. H.

"The Lawrence High School Bulletin":

Your stories are so interesting, we anticipate the arrival of your *Bulletin*.



"First: Did you enjoy yourself when you were a Freshman?

Second: (wonder who) Did I! Why, those were the happiest years of my life."

"Why do you play golf so much?"

"It keeps me fit."

"What for?"

"Golf."

Restaurateur (to applicant for a position): You say you have experience?

Ex-Convict: Yes, sir, I've been serving for the last ten years.

Jake: What is it that you part your hair with, ride all over town in and feed the baby with?

Legg: I can't imagine.

Jake: A comb, an automobile, and a bottle.

Do they call them gags because they make you so sick?

“How did the hen come off in her fight with the rooster?”

“Oh, she was fowled.”

Boy: I would like to dance like this forever.

Girl: Don't you ever want to improve?

Early to bed
And early to rise,
Gives you a chance
To wear your own ties.

“You're not living at the boarding house any more?”

“No, I stayed five weeks and then found out they have no bathtub.”

First Co-Ed: “Is anybody looking?”

Second Co-Ed: “No.”

First Co-Ed: “Then we don't have to smoke.”

“What was so tragic about the murder?”

“Why, the gangsters took the victim for his ride in an old dilapidated Ford.”

He: “Do you know the difference between a taxi and a subway car?”

She: “No.”

He: “Fine, we'll take the subway.”

“The fare sex” refers to girls who love to go riding.

Morse—Where shall we write this? Do you want us to put it on block paper or keep it in our heads?

Miss Chapman—Oh, it doesn't make any difference. Anywhere where there's a vacant space.

Bald: “You say you can recommend this hair restorer?”

Barber: “Yes, sir. I know a man who removed the cork from the bottle with his teeth, and within twenty-four hours he had a moustache.

Some folks think that the laundry is a place where you send clothes when you don't want 'em any more.

She (in poetical mood)—“What are the wild waves saying?”

He—“Sounds like ‘splash’.”

GRADUATE!

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